

Last One

Hieroglyphics

Pump up the track some for your partner

Lets see how many rappers can go the length
Back in your system with extra strength
We eat emcees, outdo and surpass em
But what's gonna make ya different than the last one?

Boy you touchable
No need to get apologetic
Get your bottom dollar, bet it
Its your problem, I'm a let it
Alone, the High Priest on the microphone
Taking historical lyrical oracles to the dome
My rap is blessed, miraculous
In fact the impact is just, spectacular
Intact with the knack to bust butts
Need I discuss?
My rhymes make your brain freeze like slush
Or slurpees, with unpredictable bumps like herpes
Lets see if you can serve these superb emcees
All you thirty-third degrees
I've figured out history's mysteries
My kinetic energetic poetic motion
Subsides your synthetic notion
Of being the best, fully pressurized
Back up off the microphones, I suggest, you guys

I'm the epitome of shit we be trying to do
When we go and write a rhyme or two
You need some competition?
Boy, you better find my crew
We make clean cuts like a diamond do
Inclined in the mind
And the beat hit with perfect timing too
When I come to your community
I'm flexing diplomatic immunity
Protection connection
Legalize MP5's just to tear up your section

And this is what you must stay aware of
Hieroglyphics faction
Back in your system with extra strength
The eternal energy interaction
Got me developing quicker and
You in a predicament
Punk!
Politicians still wishing we would take
Their prescription for death
Got my trigger finger itchin to grab the mic
Dishing the truth and the magic
Bust with magnum force
And advance forth

Verse Three: Pep-Love
We got to fertilize the soil
Actualize the turmoil

Then sift through the facts and the lies
The world and the war is intense
But I remain relaxed in my intents and actions
My lyrics are bottomless pits
Now they got the red dot on us
Is it a hit?
We escaped every plot on us
Watch as we aviate on tape
And make a statement with what we create
Just wait til the tide break, or dust settle
My ? vibrate, and if I must bust metal
Adjust the level
Release the clutch of the devil
While I conduct this concerto
Traveling the ruckus to bring justice
Ring through abyss
And bliss'll overwhelm you
(Now that we at the helm)
You don't quit
We go into a realm you never been
And seldom conceived
Perfection achieved